

Johnny Burnette

"Wayfaring Stranger"

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I'm a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling thru this world of woe
Yet there's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright world to which I go
I'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will hang 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their virgils keep
I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

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